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The Anchor



Volume XXX

HOPE COLLEGE, Holland, Michigan, Wednesday, January 30, 1918

Number 25

HOPE TOPPLES KAZOO IN TERRIFIC FORTY MINUTE TUSSLE

Piles Up Ten Points Before Pedagog's
Wake Up; Final Score 28-22

It is just nineteen days ago that one Olsen, star center of the Western State Normal basketball team, remarked that when the Hope five came to Kazoo it would be defeated by thirty points. Well, Hope has won and has shown, but there wasn't the least bit of a hint that the Celery City pivot prodigy is any great shakes of a prognosticator.

Fifty points were rung up, but somewhere around thirty of them were put down on Hope's side of the ledger, leaving the home boys out in the cold of defeat, wondering how it all happened.

The game was a rough-and-tumble free-for-all in which the Hope warriors pummeled the pedagogs to their hearts' content. Hope bothered the basket for ten points before the boys from the Baghouse City were able to get their 42-centimeters into action. After that the game was a toss-up, the teams playing very nearly on a par.

The enemy bombers had failed to reckon with the firing ability of Heemstra, the wounded recruit who returned to the lines for the M. A. C. fight but who was holding down a bed in the Hope hospital when the professors were in Holland. Once or twice when their shells failed to register casualties the Kazooites tried to put across a few clouds of gas but these, too, were ineffective. When the boss of the battle, one Taylor of Springfield T. S. whatever that means, declared the usual armistice at the close of the first offensive, the count stood 18-10, Hope.

The second eruption was a repetition of the first, but it was clearly evident that eventually the Olsenites would be compelled to accept the peace terms of the Ramaker-Heemstra-Klomparsen-Nykamp-Van Hazel-Lubbers-De Roos alliance. Stegenga's generalship being too foxy for the inhabitants of the defensive trenches. The skirmish was altogether too abnormal for the Normal boys. They had about as much chance to win as a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat thru the liquid fire of No-Man's Land.

Summary:

W. S. N.—(22)	HOPE—(28)
Swain	R. F. Nykamp
Westgate	L. F. Heemstra
Sickles	C. Ramaker
Olsen	L. G. VanHazel
Vroegindeweg	De Roos
Houston	R. G. Klomparsen

Score at close of first half: W. S. N., 10, Hope, 18. Field Goals—Olsen, 4; Heemstra, 4; Ramaker, 3; Nykamp, 2; Westgate, 2; Houston, 2; Klomparsen, Van Hazel. Free throws—Olsen, 6 out of 11; Heemstra, 6 out of 10. Referee—Taylor, Springfield T. S.

Holland High 37, Reserves 7.

The Reserves were defeated by the fast High school team in a rather rough game at the High school Gym. As usual Gerrit VanZyl was made to go thru nearly every conceivable acrobatic stunt. The team played a hard, consistent game. If any one man was a star it was Wm. Vander Meer.

BEN GREET PLAYERS HERE TOMORROW IN GREAT PLAY

Famous Cast to Be Seen in "The Merchant of Venice."

The coming to Hope of the Ben Greet players is an event of more than ordinary importance. In these days of cheap literature and cheap drama—cheap in both senses of the word—it is refreshing to have something appear which is decidedly first-class. The Ben Greet players measure up to the highest standards of art, all of the participating members having performed in London, Cambridge, Stratford-on-Avon and other places in Shakespeare's England.

The Hope studentry should come out in full force tomorrow evening and redeem the pledge it made some time ago to support the Lecture Course to the limit. Much depends upon the success or failure of the course this year and it is therefore imperative that every student be present.

Large Sum Overdue "Y"

\$35,000 Still To Be Collected For Students' Friendship Fund

It is requested by the Y. M. C. A. that all pledges to the Students' Friendship Fund be paid as soon as possible. One-third of the amount desired has already been collected.

Don C. Heffley, state student secretary, writes:

"Both the National Committee and the State Committee appreciate very much the way in which the pledges are being paid. We hope you are planning to round up the outstanding pledges by January 31, so as to send in a complete report at that time. Two institutions in the state have already sent in their final report."

The report to date, as given out by the New York office, is as follows:

Adrian	\$ 413.00	\$ 413.00
Albion	2,706.94	1,429.94
Alma	1,667.50	521.50
Ferris Institute	1,275.00	None
Hillsdale	872.75	872.75
Hope	1,500.00	590.00
Central Normal	1,038.00	64.00
Ypsi Normal	4,841.00	2,433.00
Western Normal	3,671.41	967.76
Olivet	1,078.00	278.00
M. A. C.	8,912.50	3,255.56
U. of M.	25,059.79	25,059.79
Kalamazoo	2,149.50	None

DAY OF PRAYER TOMORROW.

Kuizenga and Van Kersen To Speak.

Tomorrow there will be observed all over the country the annual Day of Prayer for Colleges. At Hope the regular duties of the day will be suspended until Friday. In the afternoon at 2 P. M. a religious service will be held in Winants Chapel at which Dr. Vennema will preside and Dr. John E. Kuizenga of Western Theological Seminary and the Rev. William J. Van Kersen of the Board of Foreign Missions, R. C. A. will speak. Prof. John B. Nykerk will be charge of the music for the day.

BOOST THE MILESTONE

In answer to the many questions which the Milestone staff has received as to the degree of interest in the Milestone, which the men in khaki are taking, the staff submits the following letter from Corporal Bernie Mulder, '18.

"Your notice regarding the Milestone received. I am certain all the Hopeites are back of you. We shall all order two copies and we are all having our pictures taken. You will have to wait until pay-day for the funds. You see, a soldier is always broke.

Assuring you again that we are back of you, I am, Sincerely yours,
Bernie Mulder,
Camp Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

The Milestone Staff has received other letters of a like character, and already many fine photographs are taking the mailbox of the Manager of Photography by storm. Every one of our soldier boys is having his photograph and snapshot taken and is sending in reports of what he is doing and expects to do. The Milestone has the interest of the men in khaki and already half of the success of the annual is assured, but in order to make a complete success the interest and co-operation of the students must be obtained. However, nothing but success can be looked for, as we expect the student body to come out strong for the Milestone on Boosters' Day, knowing that the men in khaki are interested in making the book a success.

Owing to the Day of Prayer Thursday the date of "Milestone Day" has been changed to Tuesday, Feb. 1. On that day we expect every student to come to school with a dollar or more. One dollar down and seventy-five cents in March, and the Milestone is yours. The staff is endeavoring to get the Milestone out during the first week of May for the convenience of all the students. Help us out by handing in your subscriptions early. Seniors Sophs., Freshmen and Preps. hand in your subscriptions to Clarence Heemstra, Elmer Lubbers, Francis Thurman and Peter J. Seigers respectively.

On Tuesday, February 1, let us all "go over the top" with one grand push. Eat Milestone, talk Milestone, think Milestone.

The Milestone Staff,
Per R. H., '19.

Minerva Society Gives Program

Friday evening the Minerva girls retained the Meliponians at Voorhees hall. The room was beautifully decorated with the red and the white, and many beautiful bouquets of flowers. After welcoming their guests, the Minervites showed their excellent talent by giving the following program:

Presidents Welcome	Mary Boer
Piano Solo	Allice Brower
Paper	Helene De Goed
Vocal Solo	Wilma VandeBunt
Budget	Adelaide DeVries, Margaret Koppenaal
Musical Number	Six Girls
Original Story	Jennie VanDyke
Piano Duet	Ruth Broekema
Reading	Jenny VanDyke
Playlet—"Our Aunt From California"	Florence Moore
	Seven Minervites

DESCRIBE VARIOUS PHASES OF PREPARATION FOR THE BIG FIGHT

Many Hope Men In the Olive Drab Write Co-Ed Patriotic League

Thru the courtesy of the Patriotic League the Anchor is enabled to print the following extracts from letters written to the league by several of Hope's men in uniform.

Able Seaman Edwin D. Heusinkveld, '21, Camp Perry, Waukegan, Illinois, writes:

"Three times I have been on the verge of going to sea, and each time our company was left out of the draft. The life is rather quiet at Great Lakes so my tent-mate and I have joined the aviation corps as quartermasters of aviation. We start training on January first, but just what our work will be we do not know. I should like to fly if there is any chance to train for a pilot's position. We may be sent to Pensacola, Fla., where there is a large naval aviation school, but since we have seven machines right here, I do not think we shall leave but train here at Camp Perry.

"I am very anxious to see some of the soldier boys that are from Hope, for some of them have been in interesting parts of the country, and could tell of many interesting incidents that have happened. I have read several of their letters in the Anchor, and I wish that I could be with them."

Private Ernest Van Den Bosch, now en route to France, wrote from Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas, under date of January 12 as follows:

"In another week no doubt the old Michigan Infantry will be on its way to France. We have been in training for a long time and we think we know quite a lot about killing Germans. Some of us will perhaps learn that the Germans have learned how to kill too, and other won't know anything about it till they wake up somewhere else.

"If you girls could visit our camp some day you would think you were 'somewhere in France.' The artillery booms far away. Not a mile from your ears the rattle and roar of infantry rifles on the range furnishes the 'noise of battle.' Down the road goes a regiment of soldiers with packs on their backs, marching in silent rhythm to relieve their comrades in the trenches, for we have trenches too, and they are real ones. Near by you see a bunch of frightful-looking creatures in rubber helmets with tubes leading into haversacks in their chests, charring dummy Germans with sharp bayonets and hacking them to pieces. Go too close and your nose and eyes would smart and you would cough and choke and if you stayed long enough you would die. We have real gas here.

"Then there is the grenade school. Here the boys are handling dynamite and phosphorus like clay and are stuffing it into tin cans which they transform into dangerous bombs. Together they bend, straighten out, and a dozen explosions blow up a trench which they have just 'cleaned out.'

"I certainly long for the old days at school once in a while, and miss the old time joy of taking one of the co-eds to some basket-ball game or entertainment or even to a party, sleigh-ride variety, for instance. But

we fellows are in the army now and don't expect those things until we get back.

"You don't hear much perhaps about the U. S. National Guard,—not as much as you hear of the Camp Custer boys. Some day we hope to prove to you all that we are the army that our officers believe we are, and that we are the soldiers that will make Old Uncle Sammy keep scratching his feed bag for ammunition. When you get this letter we shall be on our way 'somewhere.' My new address will be sent as soon as I learn it myself.

"So good-bye again, dear old Hope, and good-bye, you best girls in the country, and soon good-bye America, till we come back. God is with you, and goes with us to victory."

Private John Ter Borg, '18, of Camp Custer, Battle Creek, interestingly describes the work of the "greyhounds of destruction" as follows:

"The war will be won, I think, by the women and girls of the country who are standing behind the boys behind the guns. I hate to think of guns for I'm just beginning to see what we have to do with them, especially the big cannon with which I may work some day. I say work, and how odd it seems. It's the strangest thing imaginable to me to be taught how to kill and hate and destroy, when for over seven most happy years old Hope has been teaching me just the direct opposite. And yet it is interesting to shoot these big grey-hounds of war, these death-dealing monsters. We have been shooting some shrapnel, and the other day I had occasion to go thru the territory at which we shot, and you ought to see how the trees were torn and broken. We shot over a mile and a half. There surely can't be much chance for any thing living thru shrapnel firing. However, after we get used to it I guess we'll come out all right. But what of it if we don't all come back so long as we win. We should worry,—and we certainly don't and won't so long as we know that the girls are right with us on the firing line."

The following was received from Private Tunis Baker, '20, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia:

"There is an epidemic of mumps and measles in camp just now so that makes us extremely busy here at the hospital and there isn't much time left for letter writing after we are thru with our work. I am working in a ward now, taking care of forty-five measles patients, and there are many interesting things that happen every day. I should like to tell you about them but since my time is so limited I won't have time to write about them now.

"Lights will go out in a very few minutes, so I must bring this to a close. May you all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Private B. Laman, '19, Camp Custer Battle Creek, writes:

"Life here has been a very busy round of new duties. The engineers have ever so much more to learn than

(Continued on Last Page)

The Merchant of Venice

CARNEGIE GYMNASIUM, January 31, 8 P. M.

The Anchor

Published every Wednesday during the college year by students of Hope College

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The brotherhood of mankind must no longer be a fair but empty phrase; it must be given a structure of force and reality. The nations must realize their common life and effect a workable partnership to secure that life against the aggressions of autocratic and self-pleasing power. —Woodrow Wilson.

THE DUTY OF THE FAN

Any team that can lose four straight games and then come back is a team of which any institution may well be proud. That is exactly what Hope's 1918 basketball five has done. After having been shown a thing or two by Muskegon, Grand Rapids "Y", the University and the Normals, the boys in the orange and blue turned squarely around and walloped the M. A. C. and Western State Normal fives so decisively that there is absolutely no question as to which of the three teams is the superior.

When we consider the handicap under which Hope is laboring this year the fact becomes all the more remarkable. There are four men in the olive drab today who, had the war not broken out, would be representing Hope in basketball instead of serving Uncle Sam. Every man on the squad, save one, never before played as a regular on any Hope basketball five.

What ought not these facts to mean to the Hope fan! When the season gave promise of closing as a dismal failure we all walked about with long faces and said our say about how "rotten" the team was. In justice to the scrappy, heady players who form our quintet, ought we not now to give them the same measure of support as we gave them of non-support earlier in the season? Hope never was much at supporting a losing team; when you comerightdownto it she never has been much at supporting even a winning team. There is lots of room for lots of reform—and you, Mr. Wiseguy, know it. Hope will win all the games remaining on her schedule if you help the boys hit the line.

LESS SCRAPPING; MORE RIVALRY

Faculty and students alike have noted with satisfaction the amicable relations prevailing this year among the college classes, particularly between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. Class riots such as have been common occurrences in past years have never met with popular favor. The late discription of these peaceful relations, therefore, and the threatened re-opening of hostilities, occasioned some concern among the less belligerent students, of all classes.

Let it not be presumed for a moment

that anyone would disparage class spirit. The more class spirit we have, the better, both for the classes themselves and for the college, but the destroying or purloining of property, stacking of rooms, and the general free-for-all fisticuff, which is generally the outcome, are spirit and energy grossly misdirected. Not only are these affairs injurious and destructive, but they are found to leave a rankling germ of hatred in some savage breast. The kind of spirit that is at a premium is that which is shown in keen competition and rivalry in athletics, oratory, debating, and every other activity that is really beneficial to the college.

The constructive rivalry among the classes is absolutely essential to good college spirit, since the success of inter-collegiate competition, which is the source of college spirit, is dependent upon inter-class competition. The college must constantly draw upon the classes for material to develop contestants to bear her colors against rival institutions, and the classes must constantly, thru rivalry among themselves, develop that material. So long as they do this Hope may be sure of good representation, but if the material is not developed—well, reputations may be lost in much shorter time than it takes to build them up. Contrary to what appears to be a more or less general belief, it is not the class that can "swipe" the most banners, spoil the most parties, or destroy the greatest amount of property belonging to some other class that enjoys the highest esteem, but it is the class that can furnish the best and the largest number of leaders—the class that can contribute most to the welfare of the college—that holds and deserves the greatest honor.

—D.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

We have our opinion of Senator Chambermaid of Oregon.

—:—

From President's Wilson's Dictionary:

"Lie—an astonishing and absolutely unjustifiable distortion of the truth." Even J. Ham Lewis can't beat that.

—:—

One of the strange things about the war is that if a man dons a uniform, shoulders a rifle and goes to camp he is merely "enlisted," while if he goes to Washington to file cards, tap the keys of a typewriter and draw a salary of a hundred a month he "accepts an appointment with the government." It's a funny world.

—:—

After six weeks of diligent investigation the Anchor is able to report that the pro-Prussian woman who was recently married to Count Christian Gunther von Bernstorff, son of the oily super-Hun who was formerly ambassador to the United States, is Mrs. Marguerite Thomason and not Miss Margaret Thomasma, as was rumored on the campus.

—:—

FIGHT ON

Not for thyself alone; for others take thy stand:

Nations in sin and strife thy energies demand.

The goal is peace, reached when the battle's won:

Conquer thyself, the fight is well begun.

Glory in contest—with far-flung battle cry

Challenge the foe, struggle, if need be die!

Forward o'er seas of blood, until when day is done,

The enemy is conquered; then gird thy laurels on.

There is no middle ground; win thou must or lose.

In the great game of life, thyself must choose

The issue. Stake all to quit thyself a man!

Fight on! Dost stumble? Rise and fight again!

—Mott Giles, '20

Opinions and Comments

MYSTERIOUS ORGANIZATION ROASTS ANCHOR

Editor of the Anchor:

Did any reader of the Anchor ever pick up that paper and fail to find the names of Lavan, Vruwink and Stegeman in its columns? Are Lavan, Vruwink and Stegeman the only men who ever went to Hope College? Do their records so surpass those of the ministers, missionaries, teachers, lawyers and doctors graduated from this institution that they should be mentioned so prominently and so often in this paper?

We, the undersigned, wish to register a protest. We admit that their records are a credit to the school. Adverse criticism towards these men would be like sneering at the Declaration of Independence, but we have come to this conclusion: one can have too much of a good thing. Other colleges of the state are beginning to think that these men are the only men who are a credit to Hope. Athletics is not the only line in which Hope men have shown their caliber. We can point with pride to other graduates—so numerous that space forbids us to mention them all—who have placed Hope in her present prominent position. Their records are obtainable. Why do we not read about them?

We know our editor is a many-sided man and that he appreciates men who have been successful in activities other than athletics. We sincerely hope that he will take to heart the views of an organization that has for its aim a bigger, broader Hope.

The S. O. S.

GRIFFITH HOPES TO KEEP LAVAN

Manager Clark Griffith appears to be optimistic over the prospects of Johnny Lavan being with the Washington Nationals next summer, according to a long newspaper article on Lavan which appeared in a recent issue of the Washington Post. The Post quotes Griffith as follows:

"If Lavan is called into service before the opening of the season I will have no kick coming. I admire his patriotism in seeking to help Uncle Sam, and I will make no effort to have him delay reporting when he is needed. His loss would be a hard blow to the club, but I am not counting upon losing him until he is actually called to the colors.

"It is possible that he will not be needed for navy service until the middle of the season, or even later. If he isn't, he will of course, report to the club and stay with it until he is called by the government."

STEGEMAN DOING WELL AT CAMP WADSWORTH

Herman J. Stegeman, former Hope basketball star, is achieving real success at Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, outh Carolina, as athletic director of the Y. M. C. A. Stegeman has full charge of many of the athletic events at the big camp.

Stegeman will be remembered as the mainstay of the Hope basket ball team after the disintegration of the Vruwink-Lavan-Veerker machine.

HOPE FIVE'S WORK RECALLS PLAYING OF VUWINK

The wonderful individual and teamwork the present Hope five is showing recalls the days of John Vruwink, the best all round athlete Hope ever produced. Vruwink after he left Hope for Chicago it was not at all unusual to find such statements as these called from the Windy City's newspapers of several years back: "Vruwink captured the lion's share of the honors with six ringers." "Norgren, Des Jardien and Vruwink starred for the winners." "Vruwink tossed five goals in rapid succession." "Norgren and Vruwink entered the spotlight for the Maroons, getting five and six goals respectively." "Vruwink tallied five baskets for the varsity, and took the chief honors for his team."

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Alumni News

The Rev. and Mrs. L. Hekhuis, of Vellore College, Vellore, India, have been gladdened by the birth of a son.

Theodore Elferdink, '16, joined the aviation corps at Chicago, and resigned his position as instructor in the Grand Haven schools.

A unanimous call has been extended to Rev. H. J. Veldman, '92, by the Reformed church of Vriesland. The church at Vriesland has been without a pastor for several months.

Rev. J. W. Te Paske of Zeeland has accepted the call extended him from the Reformed church at Three Oaks, Michigan. He, with his family, expects to leave for their new field of labor as soon as railroad facilities are better.

The Rev. Joseph Richard Sizoo, '07, pastor of the Second Reformed church of Somerville, New Jersey, has sailed for France where he will engage in Y. M. C. A. work in the American Army Camps. The Somerville weekly contained an extended account of his departure, extracts of which follow:—

"Attired in the Y. M. C. A. khaki uniform, with the red triangle on his breast, Rev. J. R. Sizoo held the final service in the Second Reformed church on Sunday evening before sailing for France. It was a union service of the Reformed, Baptist and Methodist churches and the pastors participated in the farewell service.

"Mr. Sizoo will be absent for six months. Mrs. Sizoo expects to remain in the parsonage here most of the time while he is away. A large number of Y. M. C. A. leaders go in the party with Mr. Sizoo at the urgent call of General Pershing.

"Mr. Sizoo spoke on 'The Red Horizon and the Red Triangle.' He dwelt on the effects of war upon the church and the change it was bound to make upon the lives of the people. The church would have a great work to perform in holding the world for Christianity. The old divisions of creed and denominations would be largely brushed aside and men would work together with greater unity to redeem mankind."

Exchanges

The sod is being upturned rapidly on the campus of Central College, where a new dormitory will be raised. The structure will be ready for use by September, 1918.

Albion has at present one hundred five men in the service of the flag. The "How to Study" course at Albion has won much favor with the students. They agree that studying can be made a pleasure.

Adrian finds that her college average for the third month has slightly decreased. The second month her average was a little above 81 per cent. The third month is 80.6 per cent. The Adrian spirit of boosting for harder work is very commendable.

The Freshmen editorials in the Hillsdale Collegian of January 17 were overflowing in college spirit. Altho Hope cannot endorse the statements in the editorial "Do You Know?", which ranks Hillsdale first of all the denominational colleges of Michigan, nevertheless, the spirit of the Hillsdale Freshmen is fine.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. meeting last Thursday was most interesting and profitable. As it was a leaderless meeting, everyone seemed to feel the responsibility of making it a success. After the chain was begun there were no missing links. Everyone seemed anxious to give some personal testimony on the subject, "God and I." The Scripture was read by Miss Marie Welling and special music was rendered by Miss Marie Danhof.

F. K., '18.



Miss Hattie Vermeer, '20, has returned to resume her studies.

Jack Moore, '17, is now acting Sergeant at Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I.

Last week several Freshies were seen feeding the horses in the gymnasium.

In order to conserve coal, chapel is now being conducted in the Y. M. C. A. room.

Hope seems to be acquiring quite a collection of fat girls. We ought to thin them out.

John Nienhuis, head-waiter at the Dormitory, was confined to his bed one day last week.

Miss Marion Van Drezer has returned from her Christmas visit with relatives in Kentucky.

Professor Dimment was called to Chicago last Wednesday on account of the death of his sister.

Prof. Nykerk was assigning work in elocution to the Juniors. "Prepare three minute poems," he said. "Get fresh ones."

What was the matter at Vorhees Friday night when the cook couldn't sleep? Ask some of the girls on the third floor.

The "C" class, with Miss Ruth Koppel and Harold R. Gilman as chaperons, held a roller-skating party at the rink a week ago Monday evening.

A slight forgetfulness in class; A blush that to the cheek doth stray; A diamond ring upon the hand— Another Senior gone away.

The S. O. S. was out in full force a week ago Saturday night clearing the walk from the corner of Tenth and College to the pearly gates of the chapel.

The program over, dainty refreshments were served and games were played. The party broke up with the singing of the Minerva and Melphone song and nine rahs for the Minervites by their guests.

In former years it was "54-40 or fight." Now it is "75-70 or flunk." To kiss a lively Freshie is Faith, To kiss a lovely Junior is Hope, But to kiss one of our dear Seniors is Charity.

Willard Van Hazel, '19, and Miss Mamie Kloote, '19, representing the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. respectively went to Kalamazoo Saturday to attend a Voluntary Study Institute at which Dr. Cleland Boyd McAfee of Me Cormick Theological Seminary was the principal speaker.

Wednesday night the Freshmen had their sleigh ride, and quite an exciting time they had, too, especially before starting out. The clever Sophs managed to creep stealthily into Freshies' rooms and procure said fellows' overcoats. The poor Freshies. What to do? Just leave it to the Freshmen. They managed finely. Thru the kindness of Prof. Nykerk and many other worthy gentlemen the Freshmen found overcoats enough to take them to Zeeland where they had their supper at the Colonial Cafe. They had one big time and finally arrived home Thursday morning safe and sound.

Clarence Heemstra, our capable and handsome subscription manager, but-tooled one of the lower classmen and asked him if he was supporting the Anchor. "Why no," he said, "hasn't it got a staff?" This same individual complained that his paper was always so damp. Our aforesaid subscription manager quietly and serenely informed this "wise kick" that it was because there was so much due on it.

(Continued on Last Page)

The Air Service

Its Place in Warfare and the Kind of Men Who Alone Can Qualify For It.

College men are needed for the Air Service.

There, of all places, they are best fitted to serve. There they can use the education and the physique that their peculiar advantages have given them; there they can express their own individuality and be their own directing general.

Picture a battle-plane three to four miles above the trenches, alone in the richness of the skies, ever watchful for a lightning stroke from the enemy, ever eager to swoop down upon an unobserved below, itself a tiny mechanism less than thirty feet from tip to tip, though powerful with the power of a 200-h. p. engine, Uncle Sam's advance guard "over there."

Or the observer or photographer, soaring down to within a mile or so of the enemy's trenches, seizing upon and recording every movement among them, guiding the big guns behind, locating enemy batteries, directing shells into convoys, guarding friends beneath from treacherous surprise attacks or traps, laying bare the enemy's ruses.

Or the bomber, swooping down to blow up an enemy convoy, raining hundreds of pounds of the world's most deadly explosives from the skies, converting a withdrawal into a rout, winging off across country to cut the enemy's arteries over the Rhine or to annihilate his ammunition center at Annihil.

Such is the Air Service.

Warfare in the clouds has become as specialized in the last four months as that on land. It is fought in different strata by different planes. There are the tiny, tough little machines for the flashing air duels; there are the heavier, slower machines for spotting and photography; there are the cumbersome, awkward machines of great sustaining power for all night bombing trips into the heart of the enemy's country. And each requires a different type of man to guide it. Each places before America a different problem in personnel.

It is pretty easy to say what kind of man is not wanted for the Air Service. First of course you do not want a man who has a weak heart or lungs and who might collapse at a high altitude. Nor a man who is timid or cowardly, who might lose his head in an emergency. Nor again a man who ill-disciplined, unable to obey orders, or to play his assigned role in the great team-work of the skies. Each and every airman, responsible for the lives of thousands of men on the ground beneath him, the guide of the army and the hope of victory, must be as nearly perfect as is humanly possible.

This leads us to positive qualities. Besides health, besides bravery, besides conscientiousness, an airman must have brains and judgment. Brains because only a trained mind can master flying, radio, aerial photography, codes, reconnaissance and the kindred sciences necessary to this new science. Judgment because all these powers in the hands of an ill-balanced mind might work a ghastly havoc among the men who are sent forward or held back on an airman's signal.

Let us not think such men are plentiful. Most decidedly they are not. They must be sought with the greatest diligence. And they are being so sought, as can best be shown by figures. Only last week the Air Service turned away two applicants out of every three. The safety of the country as well as of the men themselves demands that the standard be maintained irreproachably.

The one greatest of all places for real airmen is in the colleges. There indeed is the flower of the country. Men who having received much, owe much, and the proportion of them answering the requirements of the Air Service should be immeasurably larger than among the less favored, less fortunate men.

If America breaks the deadlock of three years thru the air, if the wings of

(Continued on Last Page)

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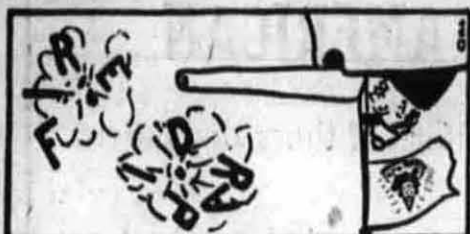
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"Now if you have that in your head," said Prof. Knock to Harvey Ramaker, "You have it all in a nutshell."

"Mama, is papa going to die and go to heaven?"

"Why, Bobby, what put such an absurd idea in your head?"

Elmer Lubbers, Arthur Schreurs, "Babe" Roggen and "Poots" De Roos could be heard yelling in chorus Wednesday night, "Who stacked our rooms?"

Miss Vyn—"How will they pay for the war?"

Miss Welling—"Either hock the Kaiser or sell the watch on the Rhine."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He shut up the shop and shut up the school,
And shut up the factoree.

"They are getting them into rimed sequence: Monday heatless, Tuesday meatless, Wednesday wheatless. Cheer up, every day will be Monday bye and bye."

First Darkie—"Dem Germans has got a gun dat'll kill you five miles."

Second Smoke—"Huh! Dey aint got got nothing' on dem Englishmans. W'y man, wid der guns all dey ask is your address!"

Rules for the Would-Be Student

Study night and day.

Do not study more than thirty minutes or you will become a dry stick.

Take part in all athletics because a sound body is essential to a sound mind.

Do not waste your time playing bagget ball or foot ball because you have come to school to study.

Smoke and show every one that you are a man. Many of our greatest men smoke, including ministers.

If you value your health and have any self-respect or consideration for others do not smoke.

Burn the midnight oil or you will never get thru college.

Nothing is worse for a clear brain than staying up late. If you do not get enough sleep you will soon be a nervous wreck.

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AN UNKNOWN TO MANY

Booze is Greek to many a college Freshman, but four years later when the Senior banquet rolls around it sometimes also rolls him around.

"Back to Joe's and the Orient,
Back where some of my money was spent."

Thus runs a college song. If it were only true that only "money was spent?"

Who of the professional men does not choose his most intimate friends from those with whom he tramped the campus while at college?

The best friend I had—it would be the best friend I have but for booze—was my classmate at Horton College, Charlie Blanchard. He was a shark in "Qual" and could spot the unknowns as quickly as Pop Geers can spot a Grand Circuit two-stepper.

"Blanch" was as popular with the boys as with the girls. Very few college boys can say that. Any co-ed who received a bid from him never gave him the "I am dreadfully sorry, but I can't go." Charlie could do the 100 in almost 10 flat, and always placed at the inter-collegiate field meets. A "Qual" shark, a co-ed cardiac crusher, a 10-second man—they put them all together and they spell C-H-A-R-L-I-E B-L-A-N-C-H-A-R-D, one of the most popular lads who ever received an A. B. from Horton.

Commencement evening Blanchard's name was on the program, having been chosen by the faculty to deliver an oration. From the little town of Glencoe came his parents and sister to see Charles graduate. As "Blanch" came forward to receive his sheep-skin the applause which rang out in Paterson chapel proved his popularity to everyone in the vast audience.

"What are you going to do next year?" asked Ethel Lynch.

"Going to Clermont and take up medicine," answered "Blanch."

"Be sure and join the — frat," whispered Ethel.

At the end of his Sophomore year, he took the State Board examinations and got by. He did not return to Clermont after the Christmas vacation of his Junior year. During the following summer his sister Margaret wrote me that Charlie was failing fast. She wrote, "The doctor thinks it is tuberculosis."

Sunday afternoon I went to Glencoe. With tears in her eyes Charlie's mother said to me, "Margaret will take you to Charles' room." "Blanch," didn't know that they had written to me about his condition.

"Smitty has come to see you," cheerfully remarked Margaret, and left the room.

As he lay there, my former classmate didn't have enough strength to put on a spiked shoe and run five yards.

We talked awhile about the other boys who were with us at Horton. I could see that he was very weak, so I didn't ask him any questions but confined myself to his.

"Smitty, eat the booze," came from his feeble lips. This was Sunday afternoon. Thursday morning I received a letter. I looked at the post-mark.

In the cemetery at Glencoe is a simple marker over the resting-place of him who could spot the unknowns in all liquid solutions except booze. The marker tells the world that at the age of twenty-seven years Atropos had cut short his thread of life and when I stand beside his grave, it tells me "What I have seen booze do."

—X. Y. Z., Hope.

Y. M. C. A.

Last Tuesday evening the members of the Y. M. C. A. heard an interesting talk on "Our Gethsemanes" by Roseoe Mott Giles, '20. The leader emphasized the fact that each one of us has reached his Gethsemane and that the time has come for a revival of earnest and sincere prayer. The inspiring prayer meeting which followed certainly showed that each member took the words of the speaker to heart.

—R. H. '19

Describe Various Phases of Preparation for Big Fight

(Continued from 1st Page)

the men in the other departments so there is very little time wasted. We have been doing a great deal of trench work lately and are now starting a mine. On stormy days we have lectures and conferences.

"I am pleased with the good reports of Hope this year and for the coming year I wish you prosperity and success. The Y. W. work always impressed me very much while with you and I hope you may continue to keep the Hope spirit burning brightly."

Private John Olsen, '21, of Camp Dix, New Jersey, has a number of opinions on woman's share of the war work:

"You know that the Y. M. C. A. goes with us, not only to the training camps but also across the 'big pond.' But the Y. M. C. A. is no more praiseworthy than is the Y. W. C. A. I am writing this letter from the excellent new home which the Y. W. C. A. has built here for the soldiers and their friends. And perhaps you know what splendid work they are doing in France. You girls may think you are not in it because you must remain in the States to 'keep the home fires burning,' but we soldiers realize that it takes more patriotism to stay at home and perform the simple tasks abandoned by the men than to shoulder a rifle.

"We fellows are gradually coming to a fuller realization of what great cause we are fighting for and it is therefore quite easy to keep happy. While we are preparing to fight, we have no reason to worry. If we die, I hope we'll have no reason to worry,—at least it will not avail us much. If we should be crippled for life Uncle Sam will provide for use. If we return able-bodied we shall have become better and more efficient men. On the other hand, our wives, mothers, and sweet-hearts are left to do the monotonous daily work.

"I trust I may continue to hear from my friends at Hope, for it reminds a fellow that he is a Hopeite and hence is expected to be and really is, in duty-bound to excel the average soldier, both in performing his military duties and also his religious duties."

THE AIR SERVICE

(Continued from Page 3)

her new eagles bring victory to the world's democracies, it will largely be the college men who will have the credit of it. Already there is a great fraternity of them in the service, working as they never worked before, in this country, in England, in France, in Italy, in Egypt.

Now is the time, for it will require until next summer for an aspirant now starting to become complete master of the air. The description of how a man is given his wings will be given in another official article in the issue of the Anchor for February 6.

KEEP UP ON THE WAR

The Committee on Public Information, established by order of President Wilson, April 14, 1917, is making a special effort at the present time to get its publications into the hands of college men and women, faculty, students and alumni alike. Plans are being made for some person to look after the business in each institution and posters will be provided calling attention to the booklets with instructions as to where and to whom application should be made. Personal applications made to the committee are welcome. Every Hope man and co-ed should take advantage of the offer to provide the latest official and authentic information on the war absolutely free of charge.

An abridged list of the publications follows:

102. The nation in Arms, 16 pp.
 103. The Government of Germany, 16 pp.
 104. The Great War, 16 pp.
 105. A war of Self-Defense, 22 pp.
 110. First Session of the War Congress, 48 pp.
- * Secure pamphlets by addressing the Committee on Public Information, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

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"Michigan should know more of this institution. Only recently have I come to a more comprehensive understanding and appreciation of the splendid work done here. I have learned that out of nine Rhodes Scholarship eligibles in the State, five are graduates of Hope College, and from my good friend, Judge Steere, of the Michigan Supreme Court, I have the statement that Hope College is doing the highest, the best and the most perfect work of its kind in America. I find you rank among the world leaders here in the classics."

EX-GOV. CHASE S. OSBORN

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